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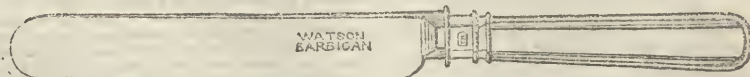
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GENTLEMEN,—About August, 1839, my hair began to fall off, and in so rapid a manner, that in the space of a month my head was almost divested of hair. I tried several preparations for its recovery without the slightest benefit, when one day your circular, in "Collins' Memoranda," caught my eye; I ventured in the purchase of a small bottle of "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL;" after using which I found my hair was beginning to re-appear, and accordingly I purchased a larger bottle, which, when finished, I felt satisfied that I had proved in my person all you profess as to its restorative qualities; and, short, after two months' steady perseverance in its use, I had as good a head of hair as at any time of my life, which permit me to offer my thanks. I have delayed writing to you for six months (from the time of leaving off the Oil) wishing to test the permanence of its restoration. I find it continues as firm and thick as before I began to fall off, with every prospect of its continuance. I am, gentlemen, your's obediently,

JOHN FOSTER

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL prevents Hair from falling off, or turning Grey; Changes Grey Hair to Original Colour; frees it from Scurf and Dandrif, and makes it beautifully soft and curly.

Ask for "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL."

Sold by them at 20, Hatton Garden, London; and Chemists and Perfumers.

BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY.

DISTILLERY, No. 7, SMITHFIELD BARS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the publicity for many years past given to the superiority of BETTS'S PATENT FRENCH DISTILLED BRANDY over every other Spirit, British or Foreign, it is yet but partially known: J. T. BETTS & Co. therefore feel it a duty they owe to the Public and themselves, to invite a comparison between the Patent and the French Brandy, until every family in the kingdom, in which Brandy is consumed, have made trial of their Patent Brandy—and consequently discontinued the use of the Foreign article. Their respective merits are fairly developed in the following Testimonials, to which they again beg to refer.

EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS.

"I do not hesitate to express my conviction that your Patent Brandy is fully as free from every thing injurious to health, and contains as pure a spirit, as the best varieties of Foreign Brandy." "EDWARD TURNER,

"John T. Betts, Esq."

"Professor of Chemistry in the University of London."

"I am bound to say, and do assert it with confidence that, for purity of spirit, this cannot be surpassed; and that your Patent Brandy is also quite free from those acids which, though minute in quantity, always contaminate the Foreign Spirit."

"J. T. Betts, Esq."

"JOSEPH HUME,
"Chemist to His Majesty."

"Your Brandy is free from uncombined acid and astringent matter, which exist, more or less, in most of the Brandy imported from France."

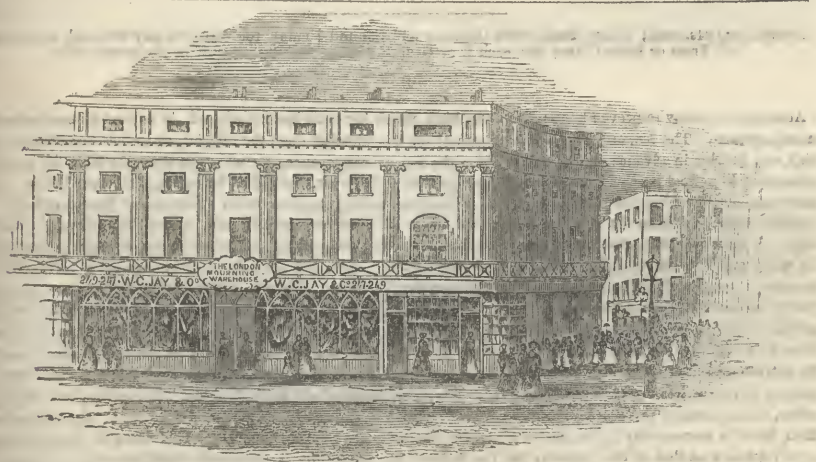
"To Mr. Betts."

"JOHN THOMAS COOPER,
"Lecturer on Chemistry."

It is this perfect freedom from the above objectionable qualities, and its agreeable similarity in flavour to the finest samples of Cognac Brandy, that constitute the peculiar value of the PATENT BRANDY.

J. T. BETTS & Co. are, at length, enabled to give a distinct assurance that arrangements will be completed in the course of the present month, which will afford an unfailing protection to purchasers against the continuance of those frauds, from which they have hitherto so extensively suffered: as each bottle will be secured by a PATENT METALLIC CAPSULE, or covering for the cork, of solid metal, with their name, address, and the words "BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY," embossed upon it; the forgery of which subjects the guilty party to a Penalty of Fifty Pounds for every offence.

This valuable Spirit is manufactured only at the Distillery, No. 7, Smithfield Bars, leading to St. John Street; where it may be obtained, either pale or coloured, in quantities not less than Two Gallons, at Eighteen Shillings per Gallon, for Cash on delivery.



THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

Nos. 247 and 249, REGENT STREET,

(Near the Circus, Oxford Street.)

FOR THE SALE OF EVERY ARTICLE REQUISITE FOR

COURT, FAMILY, OR COMPLIMENTARY MOURNING.

W. C. JAY & Co., PROPRIETORS.

The Managers of the above Establishment beg leave to call the attention of Ladies to its peculiar utility, and to the advantages presented by their undertaking. It has ever been a source of inconvenience and regret, on occasions when Mourning Attire is required, that its purchasers have, at such a time, been compelled to the harassing necessity of proceeding from shop to shop in search of each distinct Article of Dress. This evil is now most completely remedied at the LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, where every description of Mourning, Millinery, Dresses, Cloaks, Mantles, Shawls, &c. &c., of the best quality, can be purchased at the most reasonable prices, and every article necessary for a complete Outfit of Mourning may be procured at a moment's notice.

The following Articles, among others too numerous to particularise, are on constant sale:—Gros de Naples, Satin Turcs and Ducares, Satins, Genoa and other Velvets, Merinos, Paramattas, and Bombasines, Shawls, Cloaks, Crapes, Gloves, Hosiery, and Haberdashery.

THE MILLINERY ROOMS

contain an assortment of Mourning Bonnets, Caps, and Head Dresses, with a well-selected variety of Skirts for first and following Mourning.

THE DRESS-MAKING

IS SUPERINTENDED BY AN EXPERIENCED ARTISTE.

* * Particular attention is paid to Country orders, and Ladies or Families residing at a distance from Town may be supplied with every requisite, by forwarding a description of the Mourning required,

THE NEW LIGHT.

GREAT NOVELTY!

THE PATENT CAMPHINE LAMP

GIVES A

Light of surpassing Power, Softness, and Purity, without any kind of Grease or Dirt, Smoke or Smell.

The Lamp is simply and beautifully constructed, and can be fitted to any description of Lamp Pedestal, or Gas Fitting. It is not easily put out of condition. The Camphine (also a Patent) is 4s. per Gallon, and is so pure that, if spilt on any Article of Dress or Furniture, it will not leave either mark or stain, while it consumes so slowly that, at the cost of three farthings for two hours, it gives a light equal to twelve mould candles, without any attention. It will be found far less expensive than any, and incomparably superior to all existing lights.

Lamps from 34s. each; Lamp Heads (with Chimney and Ground Shade), for fitting to any Pedestal, 21s. each if of Brass or Plain Glass; 23s. each if of Ground Glass; and 25s. each if of Engraved Glass.

Amongst the many improved lamps, the Camphine, which has been just introduced, is beyond all comparison the most improved. The Argand, by which a stream of air was directed upon the interior, as well as the exterior, of the wick, was a stride in advance of its predecessors; the recent contrivance, by which in the Solar lamp the stream of external air is poured immediately on the ignited portion of the wick, instead of being supplied from below, was an improvement of the Argand: but, superior as is the Solar to the common forms of lamps, it has its defects. The capillary attraction, from the glutinousness of the oil, is comparatively feeble; and, unless the reservoir is kept well filled, the light will become dim. The combustion of the oil is imperfect, and carbonaceous matter accumulates on the wick, which renders snuffing now and then imperative. Above all, the Solar requires, as all other lamps do, nicety of attention, that domestics can rarely be persuaded to give. There is another evil attendant on burning oil that by no contrivance can be got rid of—the disagreeable nature of the oil itself. Let the utmost care be employed, accidents will happen in using it, and clothes and carpets, to say nothing of hands, will suffer from the contact. From all these drawbacks the Camphine lamp is free. From the manner in which the burner is contrived, and from the extreme liquidity of the fluid employed, the combustion is so perfect, that the wick, after ten or twelve hours' consecutive burning, is scarcely, if at all, charred. Then, by reason of the same liquidity, the capillary attraction is so active, that a flame of undiminished brightness will remain until the wick itself is actually dry! The reservoir once filled, there is no necessity in the course of sixteen hours for any additional supply. The flame of the Solar is much more intense than that of the Argand; but the flame of the Camphine is absolutely dazzling—whiter than the best gas, while it has not that disagreeable flickering that all lights are liable to; by the light of the Camphine, colours may be distinguished as readily as by daylight. English's Patent Camphine (for which her Majesty's Letters Patent have been granted) is in itself so far from being injurious, that, if accidentally spilt on the most delicate tissue instead of soiling, should there be any spot of grease in the garment, it will effectually remove it. The trimming is a task in which the most delicate fingers may be employed; it is unaccompanied by the slightest smell in lighting, which is instantaneously effected: and as little is any smell perceptible on its being extinguished, which also is the work of a moment. The Camphine lamp requires but one act of attention—that is, to cut the edge of the wick even with the edge of the tube, *and leave it so*. With this one care the lamp never goes wrong; never intermits, but shines on from sunset to morning, with an even, steady, pure, and beautiful light.

N.B. The ONLY Patent Camphine Lamp has "Rippon and Burton, Wells street, Oxford-street," conspicuously placed on its head. The Public are cautioned against all not so marked.

To be seen burning at RIPPON & BURTON'S, (Sole Wholesale and Retail Agents for ENGLISH'S Patent Camphine,) 12, Wells-street, Oxford-street, London.

BARONIAL HALLS.

THE PUBLISHERS regret being compelled to postpone the publication of the THIRD PART of this Work, in consequence of the breaking of one of the Stones while on the Press ; an accident of not unfrequent occurrence in Lithographic Printing. It will, however, be published on the First of March, and the FOURTH PART, in its usual course, on the First of April ; so that no delay in the progress of the publication will take place.

186, STRAND,
31st January, 1844.

THE NEW LIGHT.

GREAT NOVELTY!

THE PATENT CAMPHINE LAMP

GIVES A

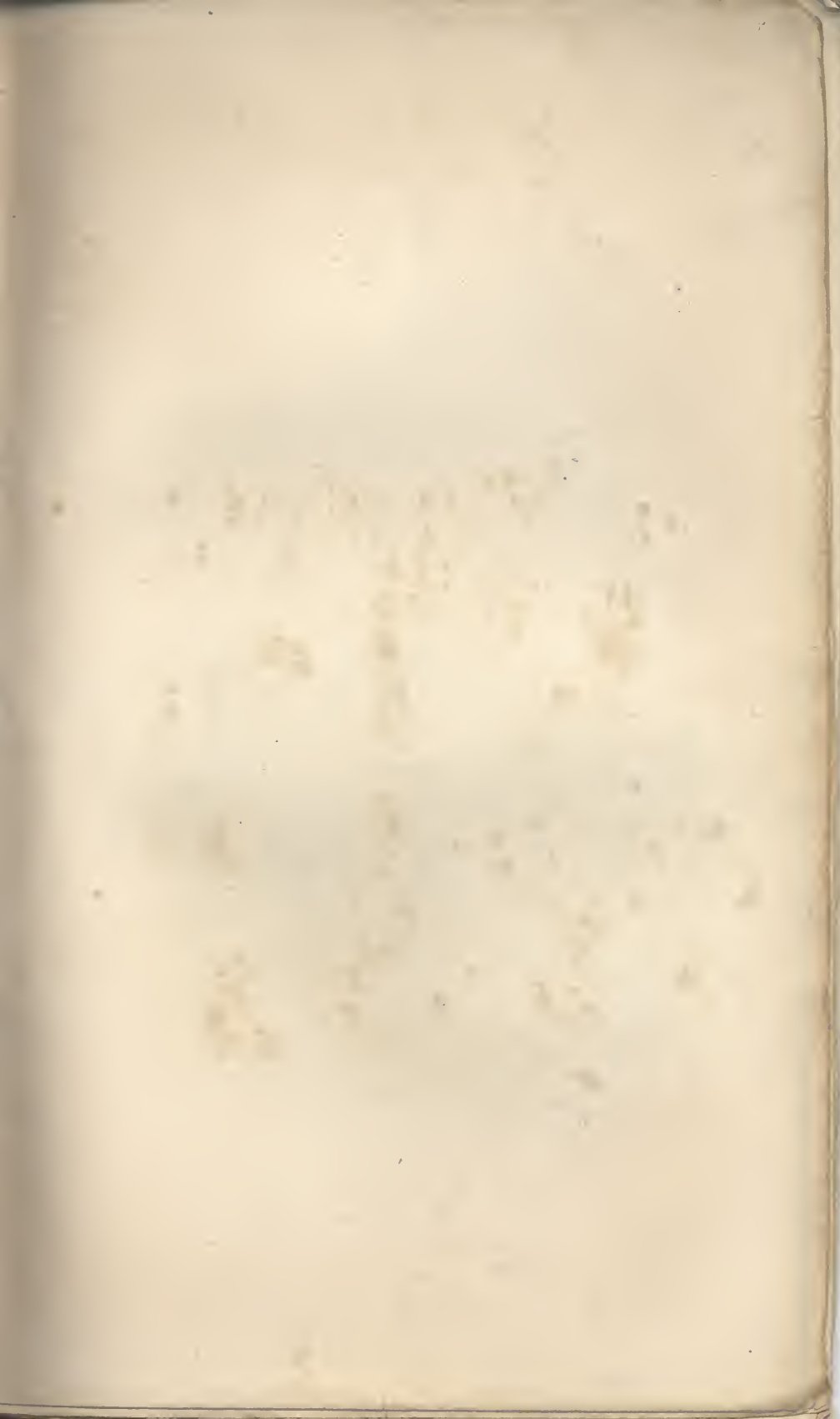
Light of surpassing Power, Softness, and Purity, without any kind of Grease or Dirt, Smoke or Smell.

The Lamp is simply and beautifully constructed, and can be fitted to any description of Lamp Pedestal, or Gas Fitting. It is not easily put out of condition. The Camphine (also a Patent) is 4s. per Gallon, and is so pure that, if spilt on any Article of Dress or Furniture, it will not leave either mark or stain, while it consumes so slowly that, at the cost of three farthings for two hours, it gives a light equal to twelve mould candles, without any attention. It will be found far less expensive than any other lamp.

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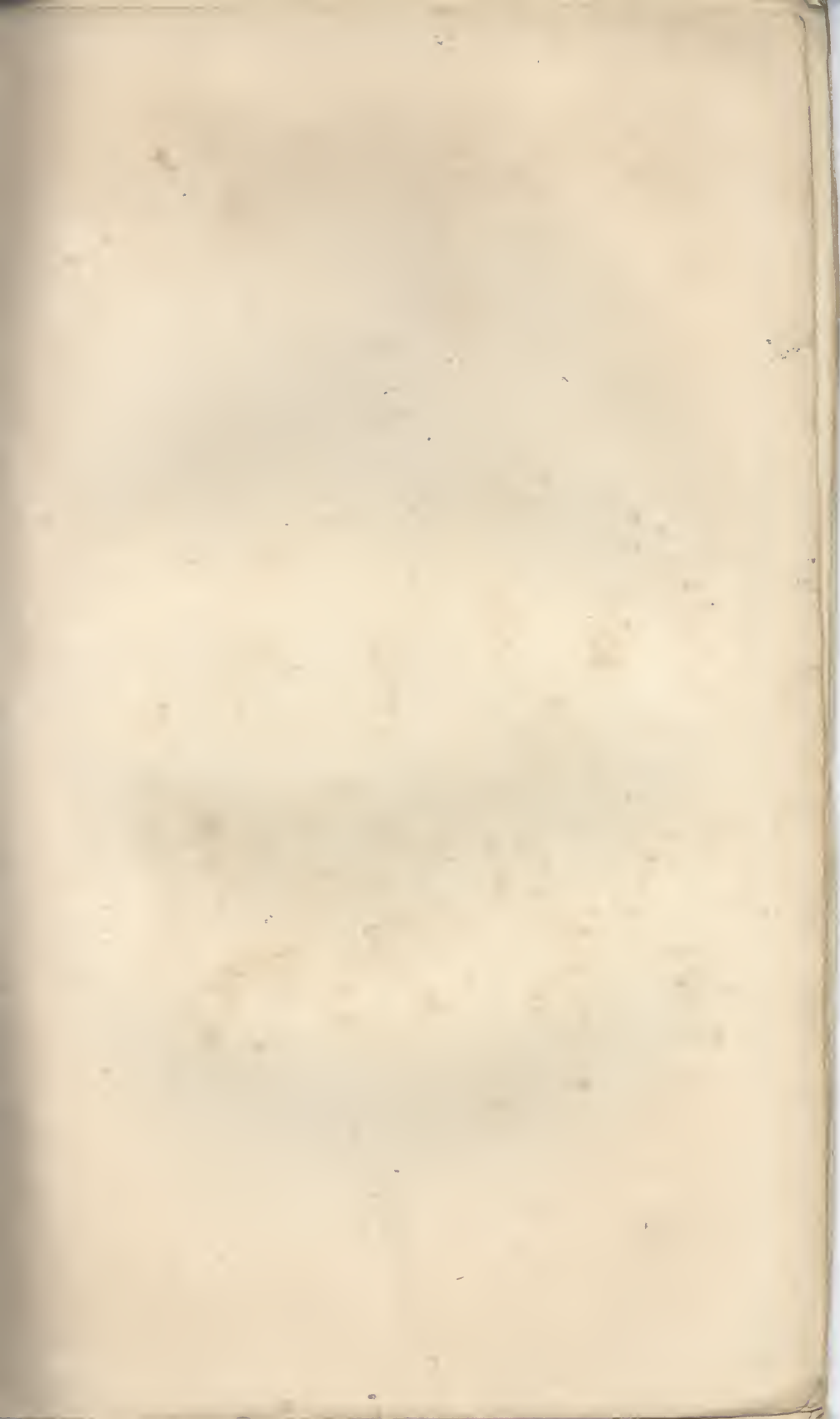
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Mr. Punch departs to seek his fortune.





Mr. Nudgett breathes, as usual, on an atmosphere of mystery.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TOM PINCH DEPARTS TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE. WHAT HE FINDS AT
STARTING.

OH ! what a different town Salisbury was in Tom Pinch's eyes to be sure, when the substantial Pecksniff of his heart melted away into an idle dream ! He possessed the same faith in the wonderful shops, the same intensified appreciation of the mystery and wickedness of the place ; made the same exalted estimate of its wealth, population and resources ; and yet it was not the old city nor anything like it. He walked into the market while they were getting breakfast ready for him at the Inn : and though it was the same market as of old, crowded by the same buyers and sellers ; brisk with the same business ; noisy with the same confusion of tongues and clattering of fowls in coops ; fair with the same display of rolls of butter, newly made, set forth in linen cloths of dazzling whiteness ; green with the same fresh show of dewy vegetables ; dainty with the same array in higglers' baskets of small shaving-glasses, laces, braces, trouser-straps, and hardware ; savoury with the same unstinted show of delicate pigs' feet and pies made precious by the pork that once had walked upon them : still it was strangely changed to Tom. For in the centre of the market-place he missed a statue he had set up there, as in all other places of his personal resort ; and it looked cold and bare without that ornament.

The change lay no deeper than this, for Tom was far from being sage enough to know, that, having been disappointed in one man, it would have been a strictly rational and eminently wise proceeding to have revenged himself upon mankind in general, by mistrusting them one and all. Indeed this piece of justice, though it is upheld by the authority of divers profound poets and honorable men, bears a nearer resemblance to the justice of that good Vizier in the Thousand-and-one Nights, who issues orders for the destruction of all the Porters in Bagdad because one of that unfortunate fraternity is supposed to have misconducted himself, than to any logical, not to say Christian system of conduct, known to the world in later times.

Tom had so long been used to steep the Pecksniff of his fancy in his tea, and spread him out upon his toast, and take him as a relish with his beer, that he made but a poor breakfast on the first morning after his expulsion. Nor did he much improve his appetite for dinner by seriously considering his own affairs, and taking counsel thereon with his friend the organist's assistant.

The organist's assistant gave it as his decided opinion that whatever Tom did, he must go to London ; for there was no place like it. Which may be true in the main, though hardly perhaps, in itself, a sufficient reason for Tom's going there.

But Tom had thought of London before, and had coupled with it thoughts of his sister, and of his old friend John Westlock, whose advice he naturally felt disposed to seek in this important crisis of his fortunes. To London, therefore, he resolved to go; and he went away to the coach-office at once, to secure his place. The coach being already full, he was obliged to postpone his departure until the next night; but even this circumstance had its bright side as well as its dark one, for though it threatened to reduce his poor purse with unexpected country-charges, it afforded him an opportunity of writing to Mrs. Lupin and appointing his box to be brought to the old finger-post at the old time; which would enable him to take that treasure with him to the metropolis, and save the expense of its carriage. "So," said Tom, comforting himself, "it's very nearly as broad as it's long."

And it cannot be denied that, when he had made up his mind to even this extent, he felt an unaccustomed sense of freedom—a vague and indistinct impression of holiday-making—which was very luxurious. He had his moments of depression and anxiety, and they were, with good reason, pretty numerous; but still, it was wonderfully pleasant to reflect that he was his own master, and could plan and scheme for himself. It was startling, thrilling, vast, difficult to understand; it was a stupendous truth, teeming with responsibility and self-distrust; but, in spite of all his cares, it gave a curious relish to the viands at the Inn, and interposed a dreamy haze between him and his prospects, in which they sometimes showed to magical advantage.

In this unsettled state of mind, Tom went once more to bed in the low four-poster, to the same immoveable surprise of the effigies of the former landlord and the fat ox; and in this condition, passed the whole of the succeeding day. When the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn, that he was half disposed to run away. But he didn't do it; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four grays, felt as if he were another gray himself, or, at all events, a part of the turn-out; and was quite confused by the novelty and splendour of his situation.

And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman; for of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat, which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and, the wildest freedom of the road, could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into this hat, and stuck it on again; as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a-day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a

down-hill turnpike road ; he was all pace. A waggon couldn't have moved slowly, with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box, and looked about him. Such a coachman, and such a guard, never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated, London coach ; up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a devil of a life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the Cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way ; and spun along the open country-road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening. Mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did ; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays ; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice ; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison ; the brass-work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells ; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling, smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins, to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho, past hedges, gates, and trees ; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow ; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards ; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho, down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho ! Yoho !

Was the box there, when they came up to the old finger-post ? The box ! Was Mrs. Lupin herself ? Had she turned out magnificently as a hostess should, in her own chaise-cart, and was she sitting in a mahogany chair, driving her own horse Dragon (who ought to have been called Dumpling), and looking lovely ? Did the stage-coach pull up beside her, shaving her very wheel, and even while the guard helped her man up with the trunk, did he send the glad echoes of his bugle careering down the chimneys of the distant Pecksniff, as if the coach expressed its exultation in the rescue of Tom Pinch ?

"This is kind indeed !" said Tom, bending down to shake hands with her. "I didn't mean to give you this trouble."

"Trouble, Mr. Pinch!" cried the hostess of the Dragon.

"Well! It's a pleasure to you, I know," said Tom, squeezing her hand heartily. "Is there any news?"

The hostess shook her head.

"Say you saw me," said Tom, "and that I was very bold and cheerful, and not a bit down-hearted; and that I entreated her to be the same, for all is certain to come right at last. Good bye!"

"You'll write when you get settled, Mr. Pinch?" said Mrs. Lupin.

"When I get settled!" cried Tom, with an involuntary opening of his eyes. "Oh, yes, I'll write when I get settled. Perhaps I had better write before, because I may find that it takes a little time to settle myself: not having too much money, and having only one friend. I shall give your love to the friend, by the way. You were always great with Mr. Westlock, you know. Good bye!"

"Good bye!" said Mrs. Lupin, hastily producing a basket with a long bottle sticking out of it. "Take this. Good bye!"

"Do you want me to carry it to London for you?" cried Tom. She was already turning the chaise-cart round.

"No, no," said Mrs. Lupin. "It's only a little something for refreshment on the road. Sit fast, Jack. Drive on, sir. All right! Good bye!"

She was a quarter of a mile off, before Tom collected himself; and then he was waving his hand lustily; and so was she.

"And that's the last of the old finger-post," thought Tom, straining his eyes, "where I have so often stood, to see this very coach go by, and where I have parted with so many companions! I used to compare this coach to some great monster that appeared at certain times to bear my friends away into the world. And now it's bearing me away, to seek my fortune, Heaven knows where and how!"

It made Tom melancholy to picture himself walking up the lane and back to Pecksniff's as of old; and being melancholy, he looked downwards at the basket on his knee, which he had for the moment forgotten.

"She is the kindest and most considerate creature in the world," thought Tom. "Now I *know* that she particularly told that man of her's not to look at me, on purpose to prevent my throwing him a shilling! I had it ready for him all the time, and he never once looked towards me; whereas that man naturally (for I know him very well), would have done nothing but grin and stare. Upon my word, the kindness of people perfectly melts me."

Here he caught the coachman's eye. The coachman winked. "Remarkable fine woman for her time of life," said the coachman.

"I quite agree with you," returned Tom. "So she is."

"Finer than many a young one, I mean to say," observed the coachman. "Eh?"

"Than many a young one," Tom assented.

"I don't care for 'em myself when they're too young," remarked the coachman.

This was a matter of taste, which Tom did not feel himself called upon to discuss.

"You'll seldom find 'em possessing correct opinions about refresh-

ment, for instance, when they're too young, you know," said the coachman : "a woman must have arrived at maturity, before her mind's equal to coming provided with a basket like that."

"Perhaps you would like to know what it contains?" said Tom, smiling.

As the coachman only laughed, and as Tom was curious himself, he unpacked it, and put the articles, one by one, upon the footboard. A cold roast fowl, a packet of ham in slices, a crusty loaf, a piece of cheese, a paper of biscuits, half a dozen apples, a knife, some butter, a screw of salt, and a bottle of old sherry. There was a letter besides, which Tom put in his pocket.

The coachman was so earnest in his approval of Mrs. Lupin's provident habits, and congratulated Tom so warmly on his good fortune, that Tom felt it necessary, for the lady's sake, to explain that the basket was a strictly Platonic basket, and had merely been presented to him in the way of friendship. When he had made the statement with perfect gravity ; for he felt it incumbent on him to disabuse the mind of this lax rover of any incorrect impressions on the subject ; he signified that he would be happy to share the gifts with him, and proposed that they should attack the basket in a spirit of good fellowship at any time in the course of the night which the coachman's experience and knowledge of the road might suggest, as being best adapted to the purpose. From this time they chatted so pleasantly together, that although Tom knew infinitely more of unicorns than horses, the coachman informed his friend the guard, at the end of the next stage, "that rum as the box-seat looked, he was as good a one to go, in point of conversation, as ever he'd wish to sit by."

Yoho, among the gathering shades ; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village-green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where toppers congregate about the door admiring ; and the last team with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho !

Yoho, behind there, stop that bugle for a moment ! Come creeping over to the front, along the coach-roof, guard, and make one at this basket ! Not that we slacken in our pace the while, not we : we rather put the bits of blood upon their mettle, for the greater glory of the snack. Ah ! It is long since this bottle of old wine was brought into contact with the mellow breath of night, you may depend, and rare good stuff it is to wet a bugler's whistle with. Only try it. Don't be afraid of turning up your finger, Bill, another pull ! Now, take

your breath, and try the bugle, Bill. There's music ! There's a tone ! "Over the hills and far away," indeed. Yoho ! The skittish mare is all alive to-night. Yoho ! Yoho !

See the bright moon ! High up before we know it : making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak ; trembling does not become *him* ; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager ; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, Yoho ! Yoho ! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-Hunter.

Clouds too ! And a mist upon the Hollow ! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before : as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho ! Why now we travel like the Moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees ; next minute in a patch of vapour ; emerging now upon our broad clear course ; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho ! A match against the Moon. Yoho, yoho !

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when Day comes leaping up. Yoho ! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho, past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares ; past waggons, coaches, carts ; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers o' loads ; past brick and mortar in its every shape ; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty-seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve ! Yoho, down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old Inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London !

"Five minutes before the time, too !" said the driver, as he received his fee of Tom.

"Upon my word," said Tom, "I should not have minded very much, if we had been five hours after it ; for at this early hour I don't know where to go, or what to do with myself."

"Don't they expect you then ?" inquired the driver.

"Who ?" said Tom.

"Why, them," returned the driver.

His mind was so clearly running on the assumption of Tom's having come to town to see an extensive circle of anxious relations and friends, that it would have been pretty hard work to undeceive him. Tom did not try. He cheerfully evaded the subject, and going into the Inn fell fast asleep before a fire in one of the public rooms opening from the yard. When he awoke, the people in the house were all astir, so he

washed and dressed himself; to his great refreshment after the journey; and, it being by that time eight o'clock, went forth at once to see his old friend John.

John Westlock lived in Furnival's Inn, High Holborn, which was within a quarter of an hour's walk of Tom's starting point, but seemed a long way off, by reason of his going two or three miles out of the straight road to make a short cut. When at last he arrived outside John's door, two stories up, he stood faltering with his hand upon the knocker, and trembled from head to foot. For he was rendered very nervous by the thought of having to relate what had fallen out between himself and Pecksniff; and he had a misgiving that John would exult fearfully in the disclosure.

"But it must be made," thought Tom, "sooner or later; and I had better get it over."

Rat tat.

"I am afraid that's not a London knock," thought Tom. "It didn't sound bold. Perhaps that's the reason why nobody answers the door."

It is quite certain that nobody came, and that Tom stood looking at the knocker: wondering whereabouts in the neighbourhood a certain gentleman resided, who was roaring out to somebody "Come in!" with all his might.

"Bless my soul!" thought Tom at last. "Perhaps he lives here, and is calling to me. I never thought of that. Can I open the door from the outside, I wonder. Yes, to be sure I can."

To be sure he could, by turning the handle: and to be sure when he did turn it, the same voice came rushing out, crying "Why don't you come in? Come in, do you hear? What are you standing there for?" quite violently.

Tom stepped from the little passage into the room from which these sounds proceeded, and had barely caught a glimpse of a gentleman in a dressing-gown and slippers (with his boots beside him ready to put on), sitting at his breakfast with a newspaper in his hand, when the said gentleman, at the imminent hazard of oversetting his tea table, made a plunge at Tom, and hugged him.

"Why, Tom my boy!" cried the gentleman. "Tom!"

"How glad I am to see you, Mr. Westlock!" said Tom Pinch, shaking both his hands, and trembling more than ever. "How kind you are!"

"Mr. Westlock!" repeated John, "what do you mean by that, Pinch? You have not forgotten my Christian name, I suppose?"

"No John, no. I have not forgotten it," said Thomas Pinch. "Good gracious me, how kind you are!"

"I never saw such a fellow in all my life!" cried John. "What do you mean by saying *that* over and over again? What did you expect me to be, I wonder! Here, sit down Tom, and be a reasonable creature. How are you, my boy. I am delighted to see you!"

"And I am delighted to see *you*," said Tom.

"It's mutual of course," returned John. "It always was, I hope.

If I had known you had been coming, Tom, I would have had something for breakfast. I would rather have such a surprise than the best breakfast in the world, myself; but yours is another case, and I have no doubt you are as hungry as a hunter. You must make out as well as you can, Tom, and we'll recompense ourselves at dinner time. You take sugar I know: I recollect the sugar at Pecksniff's. Ha, ha, ha! How *is* Pecksniff? When did you come to town? Do begin at something or other, Tom. There are only scraps here, but they are not at all bad. Boar's Head potted. Try it, Tom! Make a beginning whatever you do. What an old Blade you are! I am delighted to see you."

While he delivered himself of these words in a state of great commotion, John was constantly running backwards and forwards to and from the closet, bringing out all sorts of things in pots, scooping extraordinary quantities of tea out of the caddy, dropping French rolls into his boots, pouring hot water over the butter, and making a variety of similar mistakes without disconcerting himself in the least.

"There!" said John, sitting down for the fiftieth time, and instantly starting up again to make some other addition to the breakfast. "Now we are as well off as we are likely to be 'till dinner. And now let us have the news Tom. Imprimis, how's Pecksniff?"

"I don't know how he is," was Tom's grave answer.

John Westlock put the teapot down, and looked at him, in astonishment.

"I don't know how he is," said Thomas Pinch; "and saving that I wish him no ill, I don't care. I have left him, John. I have left him for ever."

"Voluntarily?"

"Why no, for he dismissed me. But I had first found out that I was mistaken in him; and I could not have remained with him under any circumstances. I grieve to say that you were right in your estimate of his character. It may be a ridiculous weakness, John, but it has been very painful and bitter to me to find this out, I do assure you."

Tom had no need to direct that appealing look towards his friend, in mild and gentle deprecation of his answering with a laugh. John Westlock would as soon have thought of striking him down upon the floor.

"It was all a dream of mine," said Tom, "and it is over. I'll tell you how it happened, at some other time. Bear with my folly, John. I do not, just now, like to think or speak about it."

"I swear to you, Tom," returned his friend, with great earnestness of manner, after remaining silent for a few moments, "that when I see, as I do now, how deeply you feel this, I don't know whether to be glad or sorry, that you have made the discovery at last. I reproach myself with the thought that I ever jested on the subject; I ought to have known better."

"My dear friend," said Tom, extending his hand, "it is very generous and gallant in you to receive me and my disclosure in this spirit; it

makes me blush to think that I should have felt a moment's uneasiness as I came along. You can't think what a weight is lifted off my mind," said Tom, taking up his knife and fork again, and looking very cheerful. "I shall punish the Boar's Head dreadfully."

The host, thus reminded of his duties, instantly betook himself to piling up all kinds of irreconcilable and contradictory viands in Tom's plate, and a very capital breakfast Tom made, and very much the better for it, Tom felt.

"That's all right," said John, after contemplating his visitor's proceedings, with infinite satisfaction. "Now, about our plans. You are going to stay with me, of course. Where's your box?"

"It's at the Inn," said Tom. "I didn't intend ——."

"Never mind what you didn't intend," John Westlock interposed. "What you *did* intend is more to the purpose. You intended, in coming here, to ask my advice, did you not Tom?"

"Certainly."

"And to take it when I gave it to you?"

"Yes," rejoined Tom, smiling, "if it were good advice, which, being yours, I have no doubt it will be."

"Very well. Then don't be an obstinate old humbug in the outset, Tom, or I shall shut up shop and dispense none of that invaluable commodity. You are on a visit to me. I wish I had an organ for you, Tom!"

"So do the gentlemen down stairs, and the gentlemen overhead, I have no doubt," was Tom's reply.

"Let me see. In the first place, you will wish to see your sister this morning," pursued his friend, "and of course you will like to go there alone. I'll walk part of the way with you; and see about a little business of my own, and meet you here again in the afternoon. Put that in your pocket, Tom. It's only the key of the door. If you come home first, you'll want it."

"Really," said Tom, "quartering one's self upon a friend in this way ——"

"Why, there are two keys," interposed John Westlock. "I can't open the door with them both at once, can I? What a ridiculous fellow you are, Tom! Nothing particular you'd like for dinner, is there?"

"Oh dear no," said Tom.

"Very well, then you may as well leave it to me. Have a glass of cherry brandy, Tom?"

"Not a drop! What remarkable chambers these are!" said Pinch, "there's everything in 'em!"

"Bless your soul, Tom, nothing but a few little bachelor contrivances! the sort of improptu arrangements that might have suggested themselves to Philip Quarll or Robinson Crusoe: that's all. What do you say? Shall we walk?"

"By all means," cried Tom. "As soon as you like."

Accordingly, John Westlock took the French rolls out of his boots, and put his boots on, and dressed himself: giving Tom the paper to

read in the meanwhile. When he returned, equipped for walking, he found Tom in a brown study, with the paper in his hand.

"Dreaming, Tom?"

"No," said Mr. Pinch, "No. I have been looking over the advertising sheet, thinking there might be something in it, which would be likely to suit me. But, as I often think, the strange thing seems to be that nobody is suited. Here are all kinds of employers wanting all sorts of servants, and all sorts of servants wanting all kinds of employers, and they never seem to come together. Here is a gentleman in a public office in a position of temporary difficulty, who wants to borrow five hundred pounds; and in the very next advertisement here is another gentleman who has got exactly that sum to lend. But he'll never lend it to him, John, you'll find. Here is a lady possessing a moderate independence, who wants to board and lodge with a quiet, cheerful family; and here is a family describing themselves in those very words, 'a quiet cheerful family,' who want exactly such a lady to come and live with them. But she'll never go, John. Neither do any of these single gentlemen who want an airy bedroom, with the occasional use of a parlour, ever appear to come to terms with these other people who live in a rural situation, remarkable for its bracing atmosphere, within five minutes' walk of the Royal Exchange. Even those letters of the alphabet, who are always running away from their friends and being entreated at the tops of columns to come back, never *do* come back, if we may judge from the number of times they are asked to do it, and don't. It really seems," said Tom, relinquishing the paper, with a thoughtful sigh, "as if people had the same gratification in printing their complaints as in making them known by word of mouth; as if they found it a comfort and consolation to proclaim 'I want such and such a thing, and I can't get it, and I don't expect I ever shall!'"

John Westlock laughed at the idea, and they went out together. So many years had passed since Tom was last in London, and he had known so little of it then, that his interest in all he saw was very great. He was particularly anxious, among other notorious localities, to have those streets pointed out to him which were appropriated to the slaughter of countrymen; and was quite disappointed to find, after half-an-hour's walking, that he hadn't had his pocket picked. But on John Westlock's inventing a pickpocket for his gratification, and pointing out a highly respectable stranger as one of that fraternity, he was much delighted.

His friend accompanied him to within a short distance of Camberwell, and having put him beyond the possibility of mistaking the wealthy brass-and-copper founder's, left him to make his visit. Arriving before the great bell-handle, Tom gave it a gentle pull. The porter appeared.

"Pray does Miss Pinch live here?" said Tom.

"Miss Pinch is Governess here," replied the porter.

At the same time he looked at Tom from head to foot, as if he would have said, 'You are a nice man, *you* are; where did *you* come from!'

"It's the same young lady," said Tom. "It's quite right. Is she at home?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," rejoined the porter.

"Do you think you could have the goodness to ascertain?" said Tom. He had quite a delicacy in offering the suggestion, for the possibility of such a step did not appear to present itself to the porter's mind at all.

The fact was that the porter in answering the gate-bell had, according to usage, rung the house-bell (for it is as well to do these things in the Baronial style while you are about it), and that there the functions of his office had ceased. Being hired to open and shut the gate, and not to explain himself to strangers, he left this little incident to be developed by the footman with the tags, who, at this juncture, called out from the door steps:

"Hollo, there! wot are you up to! This way, young man!"

"Oh!" said Tom, hurrying towards him. "I didn't observe that there was anybody else. Pray is Miss Pinch at home?"

"She's *in*," replied the footman. As much as to say to Tom: 'But if you think she has anything to do with the proprietorship of this place, you had better abandon that idea.'

"I wish to see her if you please," said Tom.

The footman being a lively young man, happened to have his attention caught at that moment by the flight of a pigeon, in which he took so warm an interest, that his gaze was rivetted on the bird until it was quite out of sight. He then invited Tom to come in, and showed him into a parlour.

"Hany neem?" said the young man, pausing languidly at the door.

It was a good thought: because without providing the stranger, in case he should happen to be of a warm temper, with a sufficient excuse for knocking him down, it implied this young man's estimate of his quality, and relieved his breast of the oppressive burden of rating him in secret as a nameless and obscure individual.

"Say her brother, if you please," said Tom.

"Mother?" drawled the footman.

"Brother," repeated Tom, slightly raising his voice. "And if you will say, in the first instance, a gentleman, and then say her brother, I shall be obliged to you, as she does not expect me, or know I am in London, and I do not wish to startle her."

The young man's interest in Tom's observations had ceased long before this time, but he kindly waited until now; when shutting the door, he withdrew.

"Dear me!" said Tom. "This is very disrespectful and uncivil behaviour. I hope these are new servants here, and that Ruth is very differently treated."

His cogitations were interrupted by the sound of voices in the adjoining room. They seemed to be engaged in high dispute, or in indignant reprimand of some offender; and gathering strength occasionally, broke out into a perfect whirlwind. It was in one of these gusts, as it appeared to Tom, that the footman announced him; for an abrupt and unnatural calm took place, and then a dead silence. He was standing before the window, wondering what domestic quarrel might

have caused these sounds, and hoping Ruth had nothing to do with it, when the door opened, and his sister ran into his arms.

"Why, bless my soul!" said Tom, looking at her with great pride, when they had tenderly embraced each other, "how altered you are, Ruth! I should scarcely have known you, my love, if I had seen you anywhere else, I declare! You are so improved," said Tom, with inexpressible delight: "you are so womanly; you are so—positively, you know, you are so handsome!"

"If *you* think so, Tom—"

"Oh, but everybody must think so, you know," said Tom, gently smoothing down her hair. "It's matter of fact; not opinion. But what's the matter?" said Tom, look at her more intently, "how flushed you are! and you have been crying."

"No, I have not, Tom."

"Nonsense," said her brother stoutly. "That's a story. Don't tell me! I know better. What is it, dear? I'm not with Mr. Pecksniff now; I am going to try and settle myself in London; and if you are not happy here (as I very much fear you are not, for I begin to think you have been deceiving me with the kindest and most affectionate intention) you shall not remain here."

Oh! Tom's blood was rising; mind that. Perhaps the Boar's Head had something to do with it, but certainly the footman had. So had the sight of his pretty sister—a great deal to do with it. Tom could bear a good deal himself, but he was proud of her, and pride is a sensitive thing. He began to think, "there are more Pecksniff's than one, perhaps," and by all the pins and needles that run up and down in angry veins, Tom was in a most unusual tingle all at once.

"We will talk about it, Tom," said Ruth, giving him another kiss to pacify him. "I am afraid I cannot stay here."

"Cannot!" replied Tom. "Why then, you shall not, my love. Heyday! You are not an object of charity! Upon my word!"

Tom was stopped in these exclamations by the footman, who brought a message from his master, importing that he wished to speak with him before he went, and with Miss Pinch also.

"Show the way," said Tom. "I'll wait upon him at once."

Accordingly they entered the adjoining room from which the noise of altercation had proceeded; and there they found a middle-aged gentleman, with a pompous voice and manner, and a middle-aged lady, with what may be termed an exciseable face, or one in which starch and vinegar were decidedly employed. There was likewise present that eldest pupil of Miss Pinch, whom Mrs. Todgers, on a previous occasion, had called a syrup, and who was now weeping and sobbing spitefully.

"My brother, sir," said Ruth Pinch, timidly presenting Tom.

"Oh!" cried the gentleman, surveying Tom attentively. "You really are Miss Pinch's brother, I presume? You will excuse my asking. I don't observe any resemblance."

"Miss Pinch has a brother, I know," observed the lady.

"Miss Pinch is always talking about her brother, when she ought to be engaged upon my education," sobbed the pupil.

"Sophia! Hold your tongue!" observed the gentleman. "Sit down, if you please," addressing Tom.

Tom sat down, looking from one face to another, in mute surprise.

"Remain here, if you please, Miss Pinch," pursued the gentleman, looking slightly over his shoulder.

Tom interrupted him here, by rising to place a chair for his sister. Having done which, he sat down again.

"I am glad you chance to have called to see your sister to-day, sir," resumed the brass and copper founder. "For although I do not approve, as a principle, of any young person engaged in my family, in the capacity of a governess, receiving visitors, it happens in this case to be well-timed. I am sorry to inform you that we are not at all satisfied with your sister."

"We are very much *dissatisfied* with her," observed the lady.

"I'd never say another lesson to Miss Pinch if I was to be beat to death for it!" sobbed the pupil.

"Sophia!" cried her father. "Hold your tongue!"

"Will you allow me to inquire what your ground of dissatisfaction is?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I will. I don't recognise it as a right; but I will. Your sister has not the slightest innate power of commanding respect. It has been a constant source of difference between us. Although she has been in this family for some time, and although the young lady who is now present, has almost, as it were, grown up under her tuition, that young lady has no respect for her. Miss Pinch has been perfectly unable to command my daughter's respect, or to win my daughter's confidence. Now," said the gentleman, allowing the palm of his hand to fall gravely down upon the table: "I maintain that there is something radically wrong in that! You, as her brother, may be disposed to deny it—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Tom. "I am not at all disposed to deny it. I am sure that there is something radically wrong: radically monstrous: in that."

"Good Heavens!" cried the gentleman, looking round the room with dignity, "what do I find to be the case! what results obtrude themselves upon me as flowing from this weakness of character on the part of Miss Pinch! What are my feelings as a father, when, after my desire (repeatedly expressed to Miss Pinch, as I think she will not venture to deny) that my daughter should be choice in her expressions, genteel in her deportment, as becomes her station in life, and politely distant to her inferiors in society, I find her, only this very morning, addressing Miss Pinch herself, as a beggar!"

"A beggarly thing," observed the lady, in correction.

"Which is worse," said the gentleman, triumphantly; "which is worse. A beggarly thing! A low, coarse, despicable expression!"

"Most despicable," cried Tom. "I am glad to find that there is a just appreciation of it here."

"So just, sir," said the gentleman, lowering his voice to be the more impressive. "So just, that, but for my knowing Miss Pinch to be an unprotected young person, an orphan, and without friends, I would, as

I assured Miss Pinch, upon my veracity and personal character, a few minutes ago, I would have severed the connection between us at that moment and from that time."

"Bless my soul, sir!" cried Tom, rising from his seat; for he was now unable to contain himself any longer; "don't allow such considerations as those to influence you, pray. They don't exist, sir. She is not unprotected. She is ready to depart this instant. Ruth, my dear, get your bonnet on!"

"Oh, a pretty family!" cried the lady. "Oh, he's her brother! There's no doubt about that!"

"As little doubt, madam," said Tom, "as that the young lady yonder is the child of your teaching, and not my sister's. Ruth, my dear, get your bonnet on!"

"When you say, young man," interposed the brass-and-copper founder, haughtily, "with that impertinence which is natural to you, and which I therefore do not condescend to notice further, that the young lady, my eldest daughter, has been educated by any one but Miss Pinch, you—I needn't proceed. You comprehend me fully. I have no doubt you are used to it."

"Sir!" cried Tom, after regarding him in silence for some little time. "If you do not understand what I mean, I will tell you. If you do understand what I mean, I beg you not to repeat that mode of expressing yourself in answer to it. My meaning is, that no man can expect his children to respect what he degrades."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the gentleman. "Cant! cant! The common cant!"

"The common story, sir!" said Tom; "the story of a common mind. Your governess cannot win the confidence and respect of your children, forsooth! Let her begin by winning yours, and see what happens then."

"Miss Pinch is getting her bonnet on, I trust, my dear?" said the gentleman.

"I trust she is," said Tom, forestalling the reply. "I have no doubt she is. In the meantime, I address myself to you, sir. You made your statement to me, sir; you required to see me for that purpose; and I have a right to answer it. I am not loud or turbulent," said Tom, which was quite true, "though I can scarcely say as much for you, in your manner of addressing yourself to me. And I wish, on my sister's behalf, to state the simple truth."

"You may state anything you like, young man," returned the gentleman, affecting to yawn. "My dear! Miss Pinch's money."

"When you tell me," resumed Tom, who was not the less indignant for keeping himself quiet, "that my sister has no innate power of commanding the respect of your children, I must tell you it is not so; and that she has. She is as well bred, as well taught, as well qualified by nature to command respect, as any hirer of a governess you know. But when you place her at a disadvantage in reference to every servant in your house, how can you suppose, if you have the gift of common sense, that she is not in a tenfold worse position in reference to your daughters?"

"Pretty well ! Upon my word," exclaimed the gentleman, "this is pretty well !"

"It is very ill, sir," said Tom. "It is very bad and mean, and wrong and cruel. Respect ! I believe young people are quick enough to observe and imitate ; and why or how should they respect whom no one else respects, and everybody slights ? And very partial they must grow : oh, very partial : to their studies, when they see to what a pass proficiency in those same tasks has brought their governess ! Respect ! Put anything the most deserving of respect before your daughters in the light in which you place her, and you will bring it down as low, no matter what it is !"

"You speak with extreme impertinence, young man," observed the gentleman.

"I speak without passion, but with extreme indignation and contempt for such a course of treatment, and for all who practise it," said Tom. "Why, how can you, as an honest gentleman, profess displeasure or surprise, at your daughter telling my sister she is something beggarly and humble, when you are for ever telling her the same thing yourself in fifty plain, out-speaking ways, though not in words ; and when your very porter and footman make the same delicate announcement to all comers ? As to your suspicion and distrust of her : even of her word : if she is not above their reach, you have no right to employ her."

"No right !" cried the brass-and-copper founder.

"Distinctly not," Tom answered. "If you imagine that the payment of an annual sum of money gives it to you, you immensely exaggerate its power and value. Your money is the least part of your bargain in such a case. You may be punctual in that to half a second on the clock, and yet be Bankrupt. I have nothing more to say," said Tom, much flushed and flustered, now that it was over, "except to crave permission to stand in your garden until my sister is ready."

Not waiting to obtain it, Tom walked out.

Before he had well begun to cool, his sister joined him. She was crying ; and Tom could not bear that any one about the house should see her doing that.

"They will think you are sorry to go," said Tom. "You are not sorry to go ?"

"No, Tom, no. I have been anxious to go for a very long time."

"Very well, then ! Don't cry !" said Tom.

"I am so sorry for *you*, dear," sobbed Tom's sister.

"But you ought to be glad on my account," said Tom. "I shall be twice as happy with you for a companion. Hold up your head. There ! Now we go out as we ought. Not blustering, you know, but firm and confident in ourselves."

The idea of Tom and his sister blustering, under any circumstances, was a splendid absurdity. But Tom was very far from feeling it to be so, in his excitement ; and passed out at the gate with such severe determination written in his face that the porter hardly knew him again.

It was not until they had walked some short distance, and Tom found himself getting cooler and more collected, that he was quite restored to

himself by an inquiry from his sister, who said in her pleasant little voice :

"Where are we going, Tom?"

"Dear me!" said Tom, stopping, "I don't know."

"Don't you—don't you live anywhere, dear?" asked Tom's sister, looking wistfully in his face.

"No," said Tom. "Not at present. Not exactly. I only arrived this morning. We must have some lodgings."

He didn't tell her that he had been going to stay with his friend John, and could on no account think of billeting two inmates upon him, of whom one was a young lady; for he knew that would make her uncomfortable, and would cause her to regard herself as being an inconvenience to him. Neither did he like to leave her anywhere while he called on John and told him of this change in his arrangements; for he was delicate of seeming to encroach upon the generous and hospitable nature of his friend. Therefore he said again, "We must have some lodgings, of course;" and said it as stoutly as if he had been a perfect Directory and Guide-Book to all the lodgings in London.

"Where shall we go and look for 'em?" said Tom, "What do you think?"

Tom's sister was not much wiser on such a topic than he was. So she squeezed her little purse into his coat-pocket, and folding the little hand with which she did so on the other little hand with which she clasped his arm, said nothing.

"It ought to be a cheap neighbourhood," said Tom, "and not too far from London. Let me see. Should you think Islington a good place?"

"I should think it was an excellent place, Tom."

"It used to be called Merry Islington, once upon a time," said Tom. Perhaps it's merry now; if so, it's all the better. Eh?"

"If it's not too dear," said Tom's sister.

"Of course, if it's not too dear," assented Tom. "Well, where *is* Islington? We can't do better than go there, I should think. Let's go!"

Tom's sister would have gone anywhere with him; so they walked off, arm in arm, as comfortably as possible. Finding presently that Islington was not in that neighbourhood, Tom made inquiries respecting a public conveyance thither: which they soon obtained. As they rode along, they were very full of conversation indeed, Tom relating what had happened to him, and Tom's sister relating what had happened to her, and both finding a great deal more to say than time to say it in: for they had only just begun to talk, in comparison with what they had to tell each other, when they reached their journey's end.

"Now," said Tom, "we must first look out for some very unpretending streets, and then look out for bills in the windows."

So they walked off again, quite as happily as if they had just stepped out of a snug little house of their own, to look for lodgings on account of somebody else. Tom's simplicity was unabated, Heaven knows; but now that he had somebody to rely upon him, he was stimulated to rely a little more upon himself, and was, in his own opinion, quite a desperate fellow.

After roaming up and down for hours, looking at some scores of lodgings, they began to find it rather fatiguing, especially as they saw none which were at all adapted to their purpose. At length, however, in a singular little old-fashioned house, up a blind street, they discovered two small bed-rooms and a triangular parlour, which promised to suit them well enough. Their desiring to take possession immediately was a suspicious circumstance, but even this was surmounted by the payment of their first week's rent, and a reference to John Westlock, Esquire, Furnival's Inn, High Holborn.

Ah ! It was a goodly sight, when this important point was settled, to behold Tom and his sister trotting round to the baker's, and the butcher's, and the grocer's, with a kind of dreadful delight in the unaccustomed cares of housekeeping ; taking secret counsel together as they gave their small orders, and distracted by the least suggestion on the part of the shopkeeper ! When they got back to the triangular parlour, and Tom's sister, bustling to and fro, busy about a thousand pleasant nothings, stopped every now and then to give old Tom a kiss, or smile upon him ; Tom rubbed his hands, as if all Islington were his.

It was late in the afternoon now, though, and high time for Tom to keep his appointment. So, after agreeing with his sister that in consideration of not having dined, they would venture on the extravagance of chops for supper at nine, he walked out again to narrate these marvellous occurrences to John.

"I am quite a family man all at once," thought Tom. "If I can only get something to do, how comfortable Ruth and I may be ! Ah, that if ! But it's of no use to despond. I can but do that when I have tried everything and failed ; and even then it won't serve me much. Upon my word," thought Tom, quickening his pace, "I don't know what John will think has become of me. He'll begin to be afraid I have strayed into one of those streets where the countrymen are murdered ; and that I have been made meat pies of, or some horrible thing."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TOM PINCH, GOING ASTRAY, FINDS THAT HE IS NOT THE ONLY PERSON IN THAT PREDICAMENT. HE RETALIATES UPON A FALLEN FOE.

Tom's evil genius did not lead him into the dens of any of those preparers of cannibalic pastry, who are represented in many standard country legends, as doing a lively retail business in the Metropolis ; nor did it mark him out as the prey of ring-droppers, pea and thimble-riggers, duffers, touters, or any of those bloodless sharpers, who are, perhaps, a little better known to the Police. He fell into conversation with no gentleman, who took him into a public-house, where there happened to be another gentleman, who swore he had more money than any gentleman, and very soon proved he had more money than one gentleman, by taking his away from him : neither did he fall into any other of the

numerous man-traps which are set up, without notice, in the public grounds of this city. But he lost his way. He very soon did that ; and in trying to find it again, he lost it more and more.

Now Tom, in his guileless distrust of London, thought himself very knowing in coming to the determination that he would not ask to be directed to Furnival's Inn, if he could help it ; unless, indeed, he should happen to find himself near the Mint, or the Bank of England ; in which case, he would step in, and ask a civil question or two, confiding in the perfect respectability of the concern. So on he went, looking up all the streets he came near, and going up half of them ; and thus, by dint of not being true to Goswell Street, and filing off into Aldermanbury, and bewildering himself in Barbican, and being constant to the wrong point of the compass in London Wall, and then getting himself crosswise into Thames Street, by an instinct that would have been marvellous if he had had the least desire or reason to go there, he found himself, at last, hard by the Monument.

The Man in the Monument was quite as mysterious a being to Tom as the Man in the Moon. It immediately occurred to him that the lonely creature who held himself aloof from all mankind in that pillar, like some old hermit, was the very man of whom to ask his way. Cold, he might be ; little sympathy he had, perhaps, with human passion—the column seemed too tall for that ; but if Truth didn't live in the base of the Monument, notwithstanding Pope's couplet about the outside of it, where in London (Tom thought) was she likely to be found !

Coming close below the pillar, it was a great encouragement to Tom to find that the Man in the Monument had simple tastes ; that stony and artificial as his residence was, he still preserved some rustic recollections ; that he liked plants, hung up bird-cages, was not wholly cut off from fresh groundsel, and kept young trees in tubs. The Man in the Monument, himself, was sitting outside the door—his own door : the Monument-door : what a grand idea !—and was actually yawning, as if there were no Monument to stop his mouth, and give him a perpetual interest in his own existence.

Tom was advancing towards this remarkable creature, to inquire the way to Furnival's Inn, when two people came to see the Monument. They were a gentleman and a lady ; and the gentleman said, " How much a-piece ? "

The Man in the Monument replied, " A Tanner."

It seemed a low expression, compared with the Monument.

The gentleman put a shilling into his hand, and the Man in the Monument opened a dark little door. When the gentleman and lady had passed out of view, he shut it again, and came slowly back to his chair.

He sat down and laughed.

" They don't know what a many steps there is ! " he said. It's worth twice the money to stop here. Oh, my eye ! "

The Man in the Monument was a Cynic ; a worldly man ! Tom couldn't ask his way of *him*. He was prepared to put no confidence in anything he said.

"My Gracious!" cried a well-known voice behind Mr. Pinch. "Why, to be sure it is!"

At the same time he was poked in the back by a parasol. Turning round to inquire into this salute, he beheld the eldest daughter of his late patron.

"Miss Pecksniff!" said Tom.

"Why, my goodness, Mr. Pinch!" cried Cherry. "What are you doing here?"

"I have rather wandered from my way," said Tom. "I—"

"I hope you have run away," said Charity. "It would be quite spirited and proper if you had, when my Papa so far forgets himself."

"I have left him," returned Tom. "But it was perfectly understood on both sides. It was not done clandestinely."

"Is he married?" asked Cherry, with a spasmodic shake of her chin.

"No, not yet," said Tom, colouring: "to tell you the truth, I don't think he is likely to be, if—if Miss Graham is the object of his passion."

"Tcha, Mr. Pinch!" cried Charity, with sharp impatience, "you're very easily deceived. You don't know the arts of which such a creature is capable. Oh! it's a wicked world."

"You are not married?" Tom hinted, to divert the conversation.

"No—no!" said Cherry, tracing out one particular paving stone in Monument Yard with the end of her parasol. "I—but really it's quite impossible to explain. Won't you walk in?"

"You live here, then?" said Tom.

"Yes, returned Miss Pecksniff, pointing with her parasol to Todgers's: "I reside with this lady, *at present*."

The great stress on the two last words suggested to Tom that he was expected to say something in reference to them. So he said:

"Only at present! Are you going home again, soon?"

"No, Mr. Pinch," returned Charity. "No, thank you. No! A mother-in-law who is younger than—I mean to say, who is as nearly as possible about the same age as one's self, would not quite suit my spirit. Not quite!" said Cherry, with a spiteful shiver.

"I thought from your saying at present"—Tom observed.

"Really upon my word! I had no idea you would press me so very closely on the subject, Mr. Pinch," said Charity, blushing, "or I should not have been so foolish as to allude to—Oh really!—won't you walk in?"

Tom mentioned, to excuse himself, that he had an appointment in Furnival's Inn, and that coming from Islington he had taken a few wrong turnings, and arrived at the Monument instead. Miss Pecksniff simpered very much when he asked her if she knew the way to Furnival's Inn, and at length found courage to reply:

"A gentleman who is a friend of mine, or at least who is not exactly a friend so much as a sort of acquaintance—Oh, upon my word, I hardly know what I say, Mr. Pinch; you must n't suppose there is any engagement between us; or at least if there is, that it is at all a settled thing as yet—is going to Furnival's Inn immediately, I believe upon a little business, and I am sure he would be very glad to accompany you, so as

to prevent your going wrong again. You had better walk in. You will very likely find my sister Merry here," she said, with a curious toss of her head, and anything but an agreeable smile.

"Then, I think, I'll endeavour to find my way alone," said Tom; "for I fear she would not be very glad to see me. That unfortunate occurrence, in relation to which you and I had some amicable words together, in private, is not likely to have impressed her with any friendly feeling towards me. Though it really was not my fault."

"She has never heard of that, you may depend," said Cherry, gathering up the corners of her mouth, and nodding at Tom. "I am far from sure that she would bear you any mighty ill will for it, if she had."

"You don't say so?" cried Tom, who was really concerned by this insinuation.

"I say nothing," said Charity. "If I had not already known what shocking things treachery and deceit are in themselves, Mr. Pinch, I might perhaps have learnt it from the success they meet with—from the success they meet with." Here she smiled as before. "But I don't say anything. On the contrary, I should scorn it. You had better walk in!"

There was something hidden here, which piqued Tom's interest and troubled his tender heart. When, in a moment's irresolution he looked at Charity, he could not but observe a struggle in her face between a sense of triumph and a sense of shame; nor could he but remark how, meeting even his eyes, which she cared so little for, she turned away her own, for all the sullen defiance in her manner.

An uneasy thought entered Tom's head; a shadowy misgiving that the altered relations between himself and Pecksniff, were somehow to involve an altered knowledge on his part of other people, and were to give him an insight into much of which he had had no previous suspicion. And yet he put no definite construction upon Charity's proceedings. He certainly had no idea that as he had been the audience and spectator of her mortification, she grasped with eager delight at any opportunity of reproaching her sister with his presence in *her* far deeper misery; for he knew nothing of it, and only pictured that sister as the same giddy, careless, trivial creature she always had been, with the same slight estimation of himself which she had never been at the least pains to conceal. In short, he had merely a confused impression that Miss Pecksniff was not quite sisterly or kind; and, being curious to set it right, accompanied her, as she desired.

The house-door being opened, she went in before Tom, requesting him to follow her; and led the way to the parlour door.

"Oh, Merry!" she said, looking in, "I am so glad you have not gone home. Who do you think I have met in the street, and brought to see you! Mr. Pinch! There. Now you *are* surprised, I am sure!"

Not more surprised than Tom was, when he looked upon her. Not so much. Not half so much.

"Mr. Pinch has left Papa, my dear," said Cherry, "and his prospects are quite flourishing. I have promised that Augustus, who is going that way, shall escort him to the place he wants. Augustus, my child, where are you?"

With which Miss Pecksniff screamed out of the parlour, calling on Augustus Moddle to appear ; and left Tom Pinch alone with her.

If she had always been his kindest friend ; if she had treated him through all his servitude with such consideration as was never yet received by struggling man ; if she had lightened every moment of those many years, and had ever spared and never wounded him ; his honest heart could not have swelled before her with a deeper pity, or a purer freedom from all base remembrance than it did then.

"My gracious me ! You are really the last person in the world I should have thought of seeing, I am sure !"

Tom was sorry to hear her speaking in her old manner. He had not expected that. Yet he did not feel it a contradiction that he should be sorry to see her so unlike her old self, and sorry at the same time to hear her speaking in her old manner. The two things seemed quite natural.

"I wonder you find any gratification in coming to see me. I can't think what put it in your head. I never had much in seeing you. There was no love lost between us, Mr. Pinch, at any time, I think."

Her bonnet lay beside her on the sofa, and she was very busy with the ribbons as she spoke. Much too busy to be conscious of the work her fingers did.

"We never quarrelled," said Tom.—Tom was right in that, for one person can no more quarrel without an adversary, than one person can play at chess, or fight a duel. "I hoped you would be glad to shake hands with an old friend. Don't let us rake up bygones," said Tom. "If I ever offended you, forgive me."

She looked at him for a moment ; dropped her bonnet from her hands ; spread them before her altered face ; and burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Pinch !" she said, "although I never used you well, I did believe your nature was forgiving. I did not think you could be cruel."

She spoke as little like her old self now, for certain, as Tom could possibly have wished. But she seemed to be appealing to him reproachfully, and he did not understand her.

"I seldom shewed it—never—I know that. But I had that belief in you, that if I had been asked to name the person in the world least likely to retort upon me, I would have named you, confidently."

"Would have named me !" Tom repeated.

"Yes," she said with energy, "and I have often thought so."

After a moment's reflection, Tom sat himself upon a chair beside her.

"Do you believe," said Tom, "oh can you think, that what I said just now, I said with any but the true and plain intention which my words professed ? I mean it, in the spirit and the letter. If I ever offended you, forgive me ; I may have done so, many times. You never injured or offended me. How, then, could I possibly retort, if even I were stern and bad enough to wish to do it !"

After a little while she thanked him, through her tears and sobs, and told him she had never been at once so sorry and so comforted, since she left home. Still she wept bitterly ; and it was the greater pain to

Tom to see her weeping, from her standing in especial need, just then, of sympathy and tenderness.

"Come, come!" said Tom, "you used to be as cheerful as the day was long."

"Ah! used!" she cried, in such a tone as rent Tom's heart.

"And will be again," said Tom.

"No, never more. No, never, never more. If you should talk with old Mr. Chuzzlewit, at any time," she added looking hurriedly into his face—"I sometimes thought he liked you, but suppressed it—will you promise me to tell him that you saw me here, and that I said I bore in mind the time we talked together in the churchyard?"

Tom promised that he would.

"Many times since then, when I have wished I had been carried there before that day, I have recalled his words. I wish that he should know how true they were, although the least acknowledgment to that effect has never passed my lips, and never will."

Tom promised this, conditionally, too. He did not tell her how improbable it was that he and the old man would ever meet again, because he thought it might disturb her more.

"If he should ever know this, through your means, dear Mr. Pinch," said Mercy, "tell him that I sent the message, not for myself, but that he might be more forbearing, and more patient, and more trustful to some other person, in some other time of need. Tell him that if he could know how my heart trembled in the balance that day, and what a very little would have turned the scale, his own would bleed with pity for me."

"Yes, yes," said Tom, "I will."

"When I appeared to him the most unworthy of his help, I was—I know I was, for I have often, often, thought about it since—the most inclined to yield to what he showed me. Oh! If he had relented but a little more; if he had thrown himself in my way for but one other quarter of an hour; if he had extended his compassion for a vain, unthinking miserable girl in but the least degree; he might, and I believe he would, have saved her! Tell him that I don't blame him, but am grateful for the effort that he made; but ask him for the love of God, and youth, and in a merciful consideration for the struggle which an ill-advised and unawakened nature makes to hide the strength it thinks its weakness—ask him never never to forget this, when he deals with one again!"

Although Tom did not hold the clue to her full meaning, he could guess it pretty nearly. Touched to the quick, he took her hand and said, or meant to say, some words of consolation. She felt and understood them, whether they were spoken or no. He was not quite certain afterwards but that she had tried to kneel down at his feet, and bless him.

He found that he was not alone in the room when she had left it. Mrs. Todgers was there, shaking her head. Tom had never seen Mrs. Todgers, it is needless to say, but he had a perception of her being the lady of the house; and he saw some genuine compassion in her eyes, that won his good opinion.

"Ah, sir! You are an old friend, I see," said Mrs. Todgers.

"Yes," said Tom.

"And yet," quoth Mrs. Todgers, shutting the door softly, "she hasn't told you what her troubles are, I'm certain."

Tom was struck by these words, for they were quite true. "Indeed," he said, "she has not."

"And never would," said Mrs. Todgers, "if you saw her daily. She never makes the least complaint to me, or utters a single word of explanation or reproach. But I know," said Mrs. Todgers, drawing in her breath, "I know!"

Tom nodded sorrowfully, "so do I."

"I fully believe," said Mrs. Todgers, taking her pocket-handkerchief from the flat reticule, "that nobody can tell one half of what that poor young creature has to undergo. But though she comes here, constantly, to ease her poor full heart without his knowing it; and saying, 'Mrs. Todgers, I am very low to-day; I think that I shall soon be dead,' sits crying in my room until the fit is past; I know no more from her. And, I believe," said Mrs. Todgers, putting back her handkerchief again, "that she considers me a good friend too."

Mrs. Todgers might have said her best friend. Commercial gentlemen and gravy had tried Mrs. Todgers's temper; the main chance—it was such a very small one in her case, that she might have been excused for looking sharp after it, lest it should entirely vanish from her sight—had taken a firm hold on Mrs. Todgers's attention. But in some odd nook of Mrs. Todgers's breast, up a great many steps, and in a corner easy to be overlooked, there was a secret door, with 'Woman' written on the spring, which at a touch from Mercy's hand had flown wide open, and admitted her for shelter.

When boarding-house accounts are balanced with all other ledgers, and the books of the Recording Angel are made up for ever, perhaps there may be seen an entry to thy credit, lean Mrs. Todgers, which shall make thee beautiful!

She was growing beautiful so rapidly in Tom's eyes; for he saw that she was poor, and that this good had sprung up in her from among the sordid strivings of her life; that she might have been a very Venus in a minute more, if Miss Pecksniff had not entered with her friend.

"Mr. Thomas Pinch!" said Charity, performing the ceremony of introduction with evident pride, "Mr. Moddle. Where's my sister?"

"Gone, Miss Pecksniff," Mrs. Todgers answered. "She had appointed to be home."

"Ah!" sighed Charity, looking at Tom. "Oh, dear me!"

"She's greatly altered since she's been Anoth— since she's been married, Mrs. Todgers!" observed Moddle.

"My dear Augustus!" said Miss Pecksniff, in a low voice, "I verily believe you have said that fifty thousand times, in my hearing. What a Prose you are!"

This was succeeded by some trifling love passages, which appeared to originate with, if not to be wholly carried on by, Miss Pecksniff. At any rate, Mr. Moddle was much slower in his responses than is customary

with young lovers, and exhibited a lowness of spirits which was quite oppressive.

He did not improve at all when Tom and he were in the streets, but sighed so dismally that it was dreadful to hear him. As a means of cheering him up, Tom told him that he wished him joy.

"Joy!" cried Moddle. "Ha, ha!"

"What an extraordinary young man!" thought Tom.

"The Scornor has not set his seal upon you. *You* care what becomes of you?" said Moddle.

Tom admitted that it was a subject in which he certainly felt some interest.

"I don't," said Mr. Moddle. "The Elements may have me when they please. I'm ready."

Tom inferred from these, and other expressions of the same nature, that he was jealous. Therefore he allowed him to take his own course; which was such a gloomy one, that he felt a load removed from his mind when they parted company at the gate of Furnival's Inn.

It was now a couple of hours past John Westlock's dinner-time; and he was walking up and down the room, quite anxious for Tom's safety. The table was spread; the wine was carefully decanted; and the dinner smelt delicious.

"Why, Tom, old boy, where on earth have you been? Your box is here. Get your boots off instantly, and sit down!"

"I am sorry to say I can't stay, John," replied Tom Pinch, who was breathless with the haste he had made in running up the stairs.

"Can't stay!"

"If you'll go on with your dinner," said Tom, "I'll tell you my reason the while. I mustn't eat myself, or I shall have no appetite for the chops."

"There are no chops here, my good fellow."

"No. But there are, at Islington," said Tom.

John Westlock was perfectly confounded by this reply, and vowed he would not touch a morsel until Tom had explained himself fully. So Tom sat down, and told him all; to which he listened with the greatest interest.

He knew Tom too well, and respected his delicacy too much, to ask him why he had taken these measures without communicating with him first. He quite concurred in the expediency of Tom's immediately returning to his sister, as he knew so little of the place in which he had left her; and good-humouredly proposed to ride back with him in a cab, in which he might convey his box. Tom's proposition that he should sup with them that night, he flatly rejected, but made an appointment with him for the morrow, "And now Tom," he said, as they rode along, "I have a question to ask you, to which I expect a manly and straightforward answer. Do you want any money? I am pretty sure you do."

"I don't indeed," said Tom.

"I believe you are deceiving me."

"No. With many thanks to you, I am quite in earnest," Tom replied. "My sister has some money, and so have I. If I had nothing else, John,

I have a five-pound note, which that good creature, Mrs. Lupin, of the Dragon, handed up to me outside the coach, in a letter, begging me to borrow it ; and then drove off as hard as she could go."

"And a blessing on every dimple in her handsome face, say I !" cried John, "though why you should give her the preference over me, I don't know. Never mind. I bide my time, Tom."

"And I hope you 'll continue to bide it," returned Tom gaily. "For I owe you more already, in a hundred other ways, than I can ever hope to pay."

They parted at the door of Tom's new residence. John Westlock, sitting in the cab, and, catching a glimpse of a blooming little busy creature darting out to kiss Tom and to help him with his box, would not have had the least objection to change places with him.

Well ! she *was* a cheerful little thing ; and had a quaint, bright quietness about her, that was infinitely pleasant. Surely she was the best sauce for chops ever invented. The potatoes seemed to take a pleasure in sending up their grateful steam before her ; the froth upon the pint of porter pouted to attract her notice. But it was all in vain. She saw nothing but Tom. Tom was the first and last thing in the world.

As she sat opposite to Tom at supper, fingering one of Tom's pet tunes upon the table cloth, and smiling in his face, he had never been so happy in his life.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SECRET SERVICE.

IN walking from the City with his sentimental friend, Tom Pinch had looked into the face, and brushed against the threadbare sleeve, of Mr. Nadgett, man of mystery to the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. Mr. Nadgett naturally passed away from Tom's remembrance, as he passed out of his view ; for he didn't know him, and had never heard his name.

As there are a vast number of people in the huge metropolis of England who rise up every morning, not knowing where their heads will rest at night, so there are a multitude who shooting arrows over houses as their daily business, never know on whom they fall. Mr. Nadgett might have passed Tom Pinch ten thousand times ; might even have been quite familiar with his face, his name, pursuits, and character ; yet never once have dreamed that Tom had any interest in any act or mystery of his. Tom might have done the like by him, of course. But the same private man out of all the men alive, was in the mind of each at the same moment ; was prominently connected, though in a different manner, with the day's adventures of both ; and formed, when they passed each other in the street, the one absorbing topic of their thoughts.

Why Tom had Jonas Chuzzlewit in his mind requires no explanation. Why Mr. Nadgett should have had Jonas Chuzzlewit in his, is quite another thing.

But somehow or other that amiable and worthy orphan had become a part of the mystery of Mr. Nadgett's existence. Mr. Nadgett took an interest in his lightest proceedings ; and it never flagged or wavered. He watched him in and out of the Insurance Office, where he was now formally installed as a Director ; he dogged his footsteps in the streets ; he stood listening when he talked ; he sat in coffee-rooms entering his name in the great pocket-book, over and over again ; he wrote letters to himself about him constantly ; and when he found them in his pocket put them in the fire, with such distrust and caution that he would bend down to watch the crumpled tinder while it floated upward, as if his mind misgave him, that the mystery it had contained might come out at the chimney-pot.

And yet all this was quite a secret. Mr. Nadgett kept it to himself, and kept it close. Jonas had no more idea that Mr. Nadgett's eyes were fixed on him, than he had that he was living under the daily inspection and report of a whole order of Jesuits. Indeed Mr. Nadgett's eyes were seldom fixed on any other objects than the ground, the clock, or the fire ; but every button on his coat might have been an eye : he saw so much.

The secret manner of the man disarmed suspicion in this wise ; suggesting, not that he was watching any one, but that he thought some other man was watching him. He went about so stealthily, and kept himself so wrapped up in himself, that the whole object of his life appeared to be, to avoid notice, and preserve his own mystery. Jonas sometimes saw him in the street, hovering in the outer office, waiting at the door for the man who never came, or slinking off with his immovable face and drooping head, and the one beaver glove dangling before him ; but he would as soon have thought of the cross upon the top of St. Paul's Cathedral taking note of what he did, or slowly winding a great net about his feet, as of Nadgett's being engaged in such an occupation.

Mr. Nadgett made a mysterious change about this time in his mysterious life : for whereas he had, until now, been first seen every morning coming down Cornhill, so exactly like the Nadgett of the day before as to occasion a popular belief that he never went to bed or took his clothes off, he was now first seen in Holborn, coming out of Kingsgate-street ; and it was soon discovered that he actually went every morning to a barber's shop in that street to get shaved ; and that the barber's name was Sweedlepipe. He seemed to make appointments with the man who never came, to meet him at this barber's ; for he would frequently take long spells of waiting in the shop, and would ask for pen and ink, and pull out his pocket-book, and be very busy over it for an hour at a time. Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Sweedlepipe had many deep discourses on the subject of this mysterious customer ; but they usually agreed that he had speculated too much and was keeping out of the way. He must have appointed the man who never kept his word, to meet him at another new place too ; for one day he was found, for the first

time, by the waiter at the Mourning Coach-Horse, the House-of-call for Undertakers, down in the City there, making figures with a pipe-stem in the sawdust of a clean spittoon ; and declined to call for anything, on the ground of expecting a gentleman presently. As the gentleman was not honourable enough to keep his engagement, he came again next day, with his pocket-book in such a state of distention that he was regarded in the bar as a man of large property. After that, he repeated his visits every day, and had so much writing to do, that he made nothing of emptying a capacious leaden inkstand in two sittings. Although he never talked much, still by being there among the regular customers, he made their acquaintance ; and in course of time became quite intimate with Mr. Tacker, Mr. Mould's foreman ; and even with Mr. Mould himself, who openly said he was a long-headed man, a dry one, a salt fish, a deep file, a rasper : and made him the subject of many other flattering encomiums.

At the same time, too, he told the people at the Insurance Office, in his own mysterious way, that there was something wrong (secretly wrong, of course) in his liver, and that he feared he must put himself under the doctor's hands. He was delivered over to Jobling upon this representation ; and though Jobling could not find out where his liver was wrong, wrong Mr. Nadgett said it was ; observing, that it was his own liver, and he hoped he ought to know. Accordingly, he became Mr. Jobling's patient ; and detailing his symptoms in his slow and secret way, was in and out of that gentleman's room a dozen times a-day.

As he pursued all these occupations at once ; and all steadily ; and all secretly ; and never slackened in his watchfulness of everything that Mr. Jonas said and did, and left unsaid and undone : it is not improbable that they were, secretly, essential parts of some great secret scheme which Mr. Nadgett had on foot.

It was on the morning of this very day on which so much had happened to Tom Pinch, that Nadgett suddenly appeared before Mr. Montague's house in Pall Mall—he always made his appearance as if he had that moment come up a trap—when the clocks were striking nine. He rang the bell in a covert under-handed way, as though it were a treasonable act ; and passed in at the door, the moment it was opened wide enough to receive his body. That done, he shut it immediately, with his own hands.

Mr. Bailey, taking up his name without delay, returned with a request that he would follow him into his master's chamber. The chairman of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Board was dressing, and received him as a business person who was often backwards and forwards, and was received at all times for his business' sake.

" Well, Mr. Nadgett ! "

Mr. Nadgett put his hat upon the ground and coughed. The boy having withdrawn and shut the door, he went to it softly, examined the handle, and returned to within a pace or two of the chair in which Mr. Montague sat.

" Any news Mr. Nadgett ? "

" I think we have some news at last, Sir. "

"I am happy to hear it. I began to fear you were off the scent, Mr. Nadgett."

"No, Sir. It grows cold occasionally. It will sometimes. We can't help that."

"You are Truth itself, Mr. Nadgett. Do you report a great success?"

"That depends upon your judgment and construction of it," was his answer, as he put on his spectacles.

"What do you think of it yourself. Have you pleased yourself?"

Mr. Nadgett rubbed his hands slowly, stroked his chin, looked round the room, and said, "Yes, yes, I think it's a good case. I am disposed to think it's a good case. Will you go into it at once?"

"By all means."

Mr. Nadgett picked out a certain chair from among the rest, and having planted it in a particular spot, as carefully as if he had been going to vault over it, placed another chair in front of it: leaving room for his own legs between them. He then sat down in chair number one, and laid his pocket-book, very carefully, on chair number one. He then untied the pocket-book, and hung the string over the back of chair number one. He then drew both the chairs a little nearer Mr. Montague, and opening the pocket-book spread out its contents. Finally, he selected a certain memorandum from the rest, and held it out to his employer, who, during the whole of these preliminary ceremonies, had been making violent efforts to conceal his impatience.

"I wish you wouldn't be so fond of making notes, my excellent friend," said Tigg Montague with a ghastly smile. "I wish you would consent to give me their purport by word of mouth."

"I don't like word of mouth," said Mr. Nadgett, gravely. "We never know who's listening."

Mr. Montague was going to retort, when Nadgett handed him the paper, and said, with quiet exultation in his tone, "We'll begin at the beginning, and take that one first, if you please, sir."

The chairman cast his eyes upon it, coldly, and with a smile which did not render any great homage to the slow and methodical habits of his spy. But he had not read half-a-dozen lines when the expression of his face began to change, and before he had finished the perusal of the paper, it was full of grave and serious attention.

"Number Two," said Mr. Nadgett, handing him another, and receiving back the first. "Read Number Two, sir, if you please. There is more interest as you go on."

Tigg Montague leaned backward in his chair, and cast upon his emissary such a look of vacant wonder (not unmingled with alarm), that Mr. Nadgett considered it necessary to repeat the request he had already twice preferred: with the view of recalling his attention to the point in hand. Profiting by the hint, Mr. Montague went on with Number Two, and afterwards with Numbers Three, and Four, and Five, and so on.

These documents were all in Mr. Nadgett's writing, and were apparently a series of memoranda, jotted down from time to time upon the backs of old letters, or any scrap of paper that came first to hand.

Loose straggling scrawls they were, and of very uninviting exterior ; but they had weighty purpose in them, if the chairman's face were any index to the character of their contents.

The progress of Mr. Nadgett's secret satisfaction arising out of the effect they made, kept pace with the emotions of the reader. At first, Mr. Nadgett sat with his spectacles low down upon his nose, looking over them at his employer, and nervously rubbing his hands. After a little while, he changed his posture in his chair for one of greater ease, and leisurely perused the next document he held ready, as if an occasional glance at his employer's face were now enough, and all occasion for anxiety or doubt were gone. And finally he rose and looked out of the window, where he stood, with a triumphant air, until Tigg Montague had finished.

"And this is the last, Mr. Nadgett !" said that gentleman, drawing a long breath.

"That, Sir, is the last."

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Nadgett !"

"I think it is a pretty good case," he returned, as he gathered up his papers. "It cost some trouble, Sir."

"The trouble shall be well rewarded, Mr. Nadgett." Nadgett bowed.

"There is a deeper impression of Somebody's Hoof here, than I had expected, Mr. Nadgett. I may congratulate myself upon your being such a good hand at a secret."

"Oh ! nothing has an interest to me that's not a secret," replied Nadgett, as he tied the string about his pocket-book, and put it up. "It almost takes away any pleasure I may have had in this inquiry even to make it known to you."

"A most invaluable constitution," Tigg retorted. "A great gift for a gentleman employed as you are, Mr. Nadgett. Much better than discretion : though you possess that quality also in an eminent degree. I think I heard a double knock. Will you put your head out of window, and tell me whether there is anybody at the door ?"

Mr. Nadgett softly raised the sash, and peered out from the very corner, as a man might who was looking down into a street from whence a brisk discharge of musketry might be expected at any moment. Drawing in his head with equal caution, he observed, not altering his voice or manner :

"Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit !"

"I thought so," Tigg retorted.

"Shall I go ?"

"I think you had better. Stay though ! No ! remain here, Mr. Nadgett, if you please."

It was remarkable how pale and flurried he had become in an instant. There was nothing to account for it. His eye had fallen on his razors : but what of them !

Mr. Chuzzlewit was announced.

"Show him up directly, Nadgett ! Don't you leave us alone together. Mind you don't, now ! By the Lord !" he added in a whisper to himself : "We don't know what may happen."

Saying this, he hurriedly took up a couple of hair-brushes, and began to exercise them on his own head, as if his toilet had not been interrupted.

Mr. Nadgett withdrew to the stove in which there was a small fire for the convenience of heating curling-irons ; and taking advantage of so favourable an opportunity for drying his pocket-handkerchief, produced it without loss of time. There he stood, during the whole interview, holding it before the bars, and sometimes, but not often, glancing over his shoulder.

"My dear Chuzzlewit !" cried Montague, as Jonas entered : "you rise with the lark. Though you go to bed with the nightingale, you rise with the lark. You have superhuman energy, my dear Chuzzlewit !"

"Ecod !" said Jonas, with an air of languor and ill-humour, as he took a chair, "I should be very glad not to get up with the lark, if I could help it. But I am a light sleeper ; and it's better to be up, than lying awake, counting the dismal old church-clocks, in bed."

"A light sleeper !" cried his friend. "Now, what is a light sleeper ? I often hear the expression, but upon my life I have not the least conception what a light sleeper is."

"Hallo !" said Jonas, "Who's that ? Oh, old what's-his-name : looking (as usual) as if he wanted to skulk up the chimney."

"Ha, ha ! I have no doubt he does."

"Well ! He's not wanted here, I suppose. He may go, mayn't he ?"

"Oh, let him stay, let him stay !" said Tigg. "He's a mere piece of furniture. He has been making his report, and is waiting for further orders. He has been told," said Tigg, raising his voice, "not to lose sight of certain friends of ours, or to think that he has done with them by any means. He understands his business."

"He need," replied Jonas : "for of all the precious old dummies in appearance that ever I saw, he's about the worst. He's afraid of me, I think."

"It's my belief," said Tigg, "that you are Poison to him. Nadgett ! give me that towel !"

He had as little occasion for a towel as Jonas had for a start. But Nadgett brought it quickly ; and, having lingered for a moment, fell back upon his old post by the fire.

"You see, my dear fellow," resumed Tigg, "you are too——what's the matter with your lips ? How white they are !"

"I took some vinegar just now," said Jonas. "I had oysters for my breakfast. Where are they white ?" he added, muttering an oath, and rubbing them upon his handkerchief. "I don't believe they *are* white."

"Now I look again, they are not," replied his friend. "They are coming right again."

"Say what you were going to say," cried Jonas, angrily, "and let my face be ! As long as I can shew my teeth when I want to (and I can do that pretty well), the colour of my lips is not material."

"Quite true," said Tigg ! "I was only going to say that you are too quick and active for our friend. He is too shy to cope with such a man as you, but does his duty well. Oh very well ! But what is a light sleeper ?"

"Hang a light sleeper !" exclaimed Jonas, pettishly.

"No, no," interrupted Tigg. "No. We'll not do that."

"A light sleeper an't a heavy one," said Jonas in his sulky way : "don't sleep much, and don't sleep well, and don't sleep sound."

"And dreams," said Tigg, "and cries out in an ugly manner ; and when the candle burns down in the night, is in an agony ; and all that sort of thing. I see !"

They were silent for a little time. Then Jonas spoke :

"Now we've done with child's talk, I want to have a word with you. I want to have a word with you before we meet up yonder to-day. I am not satisfied with the state of affairs."

"Not satisfied !" cried Tigg. "The money comes in well."

"The money comes in well enough," retorted Jonas : "but it don't come out well enough. It can't be got at, easily enough. I haven't sufficient power ; it's all in your hands. Ecod ! what with one of your bye-laws, and another of your bye-laws, and your votes in this capacity, and your votes in that capacity, and your official rights, and your individual rights, and other people's rights who are only you again, there are no rights left for me. Everybody else's rights are my wrongs. What's the use of my having a voice if it's always drowned ? I might as well be dumb, and it would be much less aggravating. I'm not agoing to stand that, you know."

"No ?" said Tigg in an insinuating tone.

"No !" returned Jonas, "I'm not indeed. I'll play Old Gooseberry with the office, and make you glad to buy me out at a good high figure, if you try any of your tricks with me."

"I give you my honor ——" Montague began.

"Oh ! confound your honor," interrupted Jonas, who became more coarse and quarrelsome as the other remonstrated, which may have been a part of Mr. Montague's intention : "I want a little more control over the money. You may have all the honor, if you like ; I'll never bring you to book for that. But I'm not agoing to stand it, as it is now. If you should take it into your honorable head to go abroad with the bank, I don't see much to prevent you. Well ! That won't do. I've had some very good dinners here, but they'd come too dear on such terms : and therefore, that won't do."

"I am unfortunate to find you in this humour," said Tigg, with a remarkable kind of smile : "for I was going to propose to you—for your own advantage ; solely for your own advantage—that you should venture a little more with us."

"Was you, by G— ?" said Jonas, with a short laugh.

"Yes. And to suggest," pursued Montague, "that surely you have friends ; indeed, I know you have ; who would answer our purpose admirably, and whom we should be delighted to receive."

"How kind of you ! You'd be delighted to receive 'em, would you ?" said Jonas, bantering.

"I give you my sacred honor, quite transported. As your friends, observe !"

"Exactly," said Jonas : "as my friends, of course. You'll be very much delighted when you get 'em, I have no doubt. And it'll be all to my advantage, won't it ?"

"It will be very much to your advantage," answered Montague,

poising a brush in each hand, and looking steadily upon him. "It will be very much to your advantage, I assure you."

"And you can tell me how," said Jonas, "can't you?"

"SHALL I tell you how?" returned the other.

"I think you had better," said Jonas. "Strange things have been done in the Insurance way before now, by strange sorts of men, and I mean to take care of myself."

"Chuzzlewit!" replied Montague, leaning forward, with his arms upon his knees, and looking full into his face. "Strange things have been done, and are done every day; not only in our way, but in a variety of other ways; and no one suspects them. But ours, as you say, my good friend, is a strange way; and we strangely happen, sometimes, to come into the knowledge of very strange events."

He beckoned to Jonas to bring his chair nearer; and looking slightly round, as if to remind him of the presence of Nadgett, whispered in his ear.

From red to white; from white to red again; from red to yellow; then to a cold, dull, awful, sweat-bedabbled blue. In that short whisper, all these changes fell upon the face of Jonas Chuzzlewit; and when at last he laid his hand upon the whisperer's mouth, appalled, lest any syllable of what he said should reach the ears of the third person present, it was as bloodless, and as heavy as the hand of Death.

He drew his chair away, and sat a spectacle of terror, misery and rage. He was afraid to speak, or look, or move, or sit still. Abject, crouching, and miserable, he was a greater degradation to the form he bore, than if he had been a loathsome wound from head to heel.

His companion leisurely resumed his dressing, and completed it, glancing sometimes with a smile at the transformation he had effected, but never speaking once.

"You'll not object," he said, when he was quite equipped, "to venture further with us, Chuzzlewit, my friend?"

His pale lips faintly stammered out a "No."

"Well said! That's like yourself. Do you know, I was thinking yesterday that your father-in-law, relying on your advice as a man of great sagacity in money matters, as no doubt you are, would join us, if the thing were well presented to him. He has money?"

"Yes, he has money."

"Shall I leave Mr. Pecksniff to you? Will you undertake for Mr. Pecksniff?"

"I'll try. I'll do my best."

"A thousand thanks," replied the other, clapping him upon the shoulder. "Shall we walk down stairs? Mr. Nadgett! Follow us, if you please."

They went down in that order. Whatever Jonas felt in reference to Montague; whatever sense he had of being caged, and barred, and trapped, and having fallen down into a pit of deepest ruin; whatever thoughts came crowding on his mind even at that early time, of one terrible chance of escape, of one red glimmer in a sky of blackness; he no more thought that the slinking figure half a dozen stairs behind him was his pursuing Fate, than that the other figure at his side was his Good Angel.

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD,
(AMERICAN PAPER.)

"He hath created Medicine out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them."—EccL. xxxviii.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

The letters which are here given are from persons of the highest respectability and character. The Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS respectfully urge those invalids who have the slightest doubt of their accuracy, to visit the parties whose names are here given, or, where this is impracticable, to make the fullest investigation by letter, as they have kindly promised to answer all questions to those who desire further information.

To Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co., 304, Broadway.

No. 7, Washington-street, Jersey City.

Gentlemen:—Your medicine named PARR'S LIFE PILLS having attracted a good deal of attention in our city, I purchased from Mr. Zabriskie, apothecary here, a 25 cent box, and attending to the directions printed on the wrapper round the box, I took the pills twice, and have already felt so much relieved of bile and heartburn, that sincere gratitude induces me to address you for the purpose of giving my testimony to their efficacy. I can only compare my health now to what it was before taking Parr's Life Pills, to being relieved from a violent attack of tooth-ache. Neither myself or family will ever be without a supply.

I am, gentlemen, yours gratefully,

Nov. 22d, 1843.

JAMES MILLER.

Mr. S. Towsey, Postmaster, of Joslin's Corner, Madison County, writes as follows:—

Gentlemen:—I have sold many boxes of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, and they have given universal satisfaction, and it is my candid opinion that they are destined to supersede all the other Pills now in use. The mild operation, and fine balsamic properties, will make them universal favourites. I have used the pills in my family, and find them to be an excellent medicine, and I shall recommend them accordingly.

Rochester, Nov. 9, 1843.

To Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co., Proprietors of "Parr's Life Pills," 304, Broadway.

Gentlemen:—I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude and thanks for the benefit which, under Providence, my family and self have received from the use of your invaluable "Parr's Life Pills." I have used them constantly, in cases where every other medicine has failed to remove the most tormenting sufferings I experienced from habitual costiveness and bilious attacks, accompanied by dimness of sight and nausea, with complete prostration of the digestive functions. I am now completely recovered, as I believe, solely by the use of "Parr's Life Pills." Finding them so efficacious in my own case, my wife concluded to give them to our children, instead of the uncertain and ignorant prescriptions which are frequently recommended in the drug stores. I am happy to say, that notwithstanding the last summer was one of the most sickly and variable known in New York for many years past, yet my children did not suffer a single attack of summer complaint, which is so fatal to young children. I consider Parr's Pills the best medicine ever used, and free from the objections of violence of action and prostration of strength, to which all others I have used are liable.

You are at liberty to use my name, and on reference to me, I shall cheerfully confirm my opinion and experience of your Pills.

Respectfully,

CHAS. A. GRIGLIETTI,

Formerly of 44, Columbia-street, corner of Delaney, N. Y., now of 204, Broome-street.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.:—

No. 193, Christie-street.

This is to certify, that I have been afflicted for this twelve years with the liver complaint and dyspepsia, and after trying all advertised medicines—then had recourse to a doctor, who only patched me up. At last the kind hand of Providence pointed out to me the report of Parr's Life Pills; and after attentively and carefully taking a few small boxes, I began to feel like another being—and I ask my cure may be circulated through the United States, so grateful am I for my recovery from the grave.

M. FLING,

193, Christie-street.

The above, with hundreds of other Testimonials, can be seen at the Proprietor's Office, 304, Broadway. This medicine can be purchased of all respectable Druggists through the United States.

TO THE PUBLIC.

An Injunction in the Court of Chancery of Massachusetts, was lately granted against George Roberts, of the *Boston Times and Notion*, Boston—(no way related to our Thomas Roberts)—for fraudulently attempting to issue a spurious article, as our far-famed and excellent Medicine, Parr's Life Pills. The Chancellor, Judge Story, after ordering the defendant, &c., into Court, ruled "that the injunction be made absolute in every point sought for"—being a severe animadversion on the conduct of the defendant. Although our Agents are constantly on the alert, and the great difficulty and expense of imitating our labels on and around our boxes of Pills, are strong safeguards, we are determined, at any cost, to protect ourselves from the cupidity of dishonest persons, and the public from the danger of a spurious imitation of our Medicine.

THOMAS ROBERTS & CO.,

No. 304, Broadway, corner of Duane-street.

It will be seen that PARR'S LIFE PILLS have extended their fame to the United States; and, that equally there, as in England, they are efficacious.

Beware of Imitations; see the words **Parr's Life Pills** in *White* letters on a *Red* ground on the Government Stamp.—In Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s.

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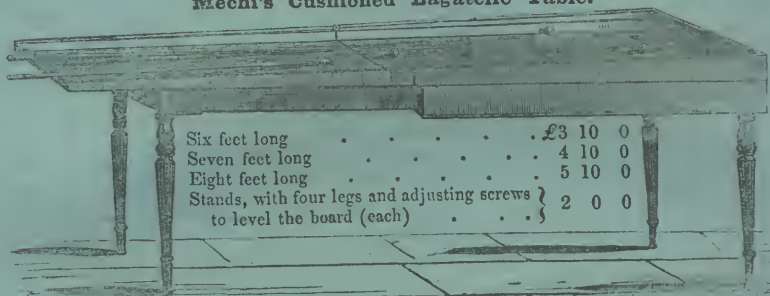
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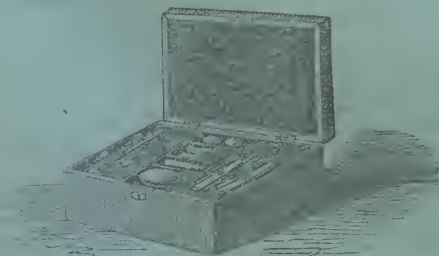
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